

are thankful to the people of Ashland for their kindness and hospitality. We greatly appreciate the work of the officers, who have served in this convention.

Signed,

J. M. BOWMAN,
M. S. WHITE,
KITTIE HUFFMAN.

Report adopted.

Two minute talks on S. S. work, by J. M. Bowman, P. J. Brown, D. Shultz, L. L. Garber, Dr. Worst and M. S. White.

On motion and its second the secretary was requested to have minutes published in the EVANGELIST.

Adjourned to meet one year hence, at call of committee.

W. A. WELTY, Chairman,
CLARA NIEBEL, Sec'y.

Home Circle.

TWO MILLIONAIRES.

I met them to-day, but not in the same place. One of them was in a private parlor in a fashionable hotel. As he was an old acquaintance, we had a long and confident conversation. He told me of his early struggles after he left the school where we were fellow students—of his speculations, disappointments, and final sweep. He said:

"You know, Obadiah, how poor our folks were. I was disgusted with poverty and determined to be rich. I went to California, worked in the placers, and saved my dust until I had enough to go prospecting. I staked out several claims, and thought I had 'struck it rich' again and again. But the ore failed to pan out as I expected. At last, however, I did get on a quartz ledge that went five hundred to the ton. I worked it deep enough to make a good show, then I organized a company and put the stock on the market. While it was booming I sold out, and invested all I had made in government bonds. Here they are. I brought them from my box in the safe deposit vault to cut off the coupons. They amount to forty thousand a year.

I don't own a foot of real estate, or any kind of property. I have just this package of bonds (taking it out of his bosom,) so you see that I am free from care. My bonds are safe in the vault, and whenever I want any ready cash I only have to go and cut off the coupons."

"But," I said, "that bundle of paper in your bosom, which you say makes you a millionaire, has no intrinsic value. Suppose the signer of them should fail."

"Why, man, they are United States

bonds. The faith of the government is pledged for their redemption. They are better than gold or silver. My only fear is that the government may pay them at maturity. I would be glad to have them run as long as I live."

"So you are a millionaire by faith," I replied. "You don't see your real wealth or handle it, but only pieces of paper that represent it."

"Yes, that is so; and while those pieces of paper represent wealth and honor of the best government in the world, I am satisfied."

The other millionaire I found in the county poor-house. I used to know him, too, in former times. He was a good boy at school. He grew up a bad man. But "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and this old man had a succession of financial disappointments, followed by broken health, until he was compelled to go to the pauper's home. He, of course, was without lands or material wealth of any kind, and yet he had, like the man in the hotel, a bundle of promises.

As I sat by him in his narrow chamber, he took from under his pillow a well-worn Bible. He held it up in his thin, trembling hand and said:

"Obadiah, people call me a pauper, but I am worth millions. Why, in this book which I sometimes think that God has written expressly for me, there are more than three thousand 'exceeding great and precious promises.' I wouldn't exchange one of them for a \$50,000 government bond."

"The bond I would have to leave in a few years at the furthest, but the promises I shall take with me when I die, and claim them in the land where there is no more death. They are the bonds of him who owns, not only the earth, but all the stars in the sky, and the worlds that roll around them."

As I walked slowly home, after the second interview, and thought over the events of the day, I concluded that I would rather be in the place of the millionaire in the poor-house, than in that of the millionaire in the Palace Hotel. Both are rich in faith; but the basis of the confidence in one case is human, and in the other divine.

I am an enthusiastic patriot. I believe that our government is the best on the earth, but I would rather trust God, yes, a thousand times rather, than it. His wealth is boundless, his power is limitless, his truth is immutable, and his love is infinite.—*Zion's Watchman*.

YIELD and conquer. The ocean will outlast the Pyramids.

MAXIMS.

1. I will not speak evil of any one.
2. I will not criticise any person against whom I am prejudiced.
3. I will restrain my tongue when I am angry.
4. I will be silent when I know there is DANGER of being misunderstood.
5. I will withhold my words when I have a DOUBT as to my motive in speaking.
6. I will not be a "tale bearer." I will not tell or repeat anything that will make unkind feelings between people, or that will create prejudice.
7. I will try not to hear unkind or wrong things, and will do all in my power to discourage those who indulge in unkind words.
8. I will cultivate a habit of placing a charitable construction upon the words and conduct of my fellows.
9. I will do all in my power to help the weak, the erring and the distressed.
10. I will cultivate kindness of thought and expression, in all my relations in life.
11. I will be CLEAN in my words.
12. Believing that every one has some good quality or qualities, I will look for the good and emulate it, and when I find evil I will pray that its possessor may be delivered from its power.
13. In all things I will aspire to "walk in the Spirit," that I may not "fulfill the lusts of the flesh."

MERCY AND PARDON.

In the reign of the first Napoleon, there was an insurrection in Paris. One of the ringleaders was brought before the emperor; and as this was his second offence against the government, he was sentenced to be transported.

The day after the trial, it was told Napoleon that the child of the convicted man was waiting to see him. "Bring her in," said Napoleon; and a tearful, trembling little girl on being led in, cast herself at his feet, and implored him to have mercy on her father.

"My child," said the emperor, touched by her distress, "this is the second time your father has been guilty of treason; I cannot justly save him." "Oh, sir," said the kneeling child, "it is not *justice* we want, but *mercy* and *pardon*." Napoleon much moved, raised the girl to her feet, and said, "For your sake I will release your father."

Does not this story apply to us? Are not our wants the same as that little child's? "It is not justice" we want from the great King, even the Lord our God, but "mercy and pardon" for Christ's sake.